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SERIES

PRICE 25c



BEGGAR VENUS.

By A. L. WRIGHT.

T. S. DENISON
163 RANDOLPH ST.

CHICAGO



DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS.

Price 15 Cents Each, Postpaid. Catalogue Free.

	M.	F.
All that Glitters is not Gold, comedy, 2 acts, 2 hrs.....	6	3
All Expenses, Ethiopian, 10 min.	2	0
Assessor, sketch, 15 min.....	3	2
Babes in Wood, burlesque, 25 min	4	3
Borrowing Trouble, farce, 30 min	3	5
Bad Job, farce, 30 min.....	3	2
Bumble's Courtship, sketch, 18 m.	1	1
Bardell vs. Pickwick, farce, 25 m.	6	2
Back from California, Ethiopian, 12 min.....	3	0
Caste, comedy, 3 acts, 2 hrs. 30 m.	5	3
Cow that Kicked Chicago, farce, 29 min.....	3	2
Country Justice, farce, 15 min....	8	0
Circumlocution Office, 20 min....	6	0
Chimney Corner (or Grandfather's Mistake), drama, 2 acts, 1 hr. 30 min.....	5	2
Danger Signal, drama, 2 acts, 2 hrs	7	4
Desperate Situation, farce, 25 min	2	3
Deaf in a Horn, Ethiopian, 8 min.	2	0
East Lynne, drama, 5 acts, 2 hrs.	8	7
Family Strike, farce, 20 min.....	3	3
Fruits of Wine Cup, Temperance drama, 3 acts, 1 hr.....	6	4
Friendly Move, sketch, 20 min....	5	0
Funnygraph, Ethiopian, 12 min....	6	0
Home, comedy, 3 acts, 2 hrs.....	4	3
Handy Andy, Ethiopian, 12 min....	2	0
Haunted House, Ethiopian, 8 min.	5	0
Homeopathy, farce, 30 min.....	5	3
Hans Von Smash, farce, 30 min....	4	3
Hard Cider, Temperance, 15 min....	4	2
Initiating a Granger, farce, 25 m.	8	0
In the Dark, farce, 25 min.....	4	2
In the Wrong House, farce, 30 m.	4	2
Irish Linen Peddler, farce, 40 min	3	3
Is the Editor In, farce, 20 min....	4	2
I'll Stay Awhile, farce, 20 min....	4	0
Ici on Parle Francais, farce, 40 m.	4	3
I'm not Meself at All, farce, 25 m.	3	2
John Smith, farce, 30 min.....	5	3
Joke on Squinim, Ethiop. 25 min.	4	2
Jumbo Jum, farce, 50 min.	4	2
Kansas Immigrants, farce, 30 m.	5	1
Kiss in the Dark, farce, 30 min....	2	3
Louva the Pauper, drama, 5 acts, 1 hr. 45 min.....	9	4
Larkins' Love Letters, farce, 50 m.	3	2
Lady of Lyons, drama, 5 acts, 2 hrs. 30 min.....	8	4
Limerick Boy, farce, 30 min.....	5	2
Lost in London, drama, 3 acts, 1 hr. 45 min.....	6	3
London Assurance, comedy, 5 acts, 2 hrs. 30 min.....	9	3
Lucy's Old Man, sketch, 15 min....	2	3
Michael Erle, drama, 2 acts, 1 hr. 30 min.....	8	3
Mike Donovan's Courtship, comedy, 2 acts, 15 min.....	1	3
Movement Cure, farce, 15 min....	5	0
Mrs. Gamp's Tea, sketch, 15 min.	0	2
Mischievous Nigger, farce, 20 min.	4	2
My Wife's Relations, comedy, 1 hr	4	6
My Jeremiah, farce, 20 min.....	3	2
My Turn Next, farce, 50 min.....	4	3
My Neighbor's Wife, farce, 45 m.	3	3

	M.	F.
Not Such a Fool as he Looks, comedy, 3 acts, 2 hrs.....	5	3
No Cure No Pay, Ethiopian, 10 m.	3	1
Only Daughter, drama, 3 acts, 1 hr. 15 min.....	5	2
Our Country, drama, 3 acts, 1 hr.	10	3
Odds with the Enemy, drama, 5 acts, 2 hrs.....	7	4
On the Brink, Temperance drama, 2 acts, 2 hrs.....	12	3
Othello and Desdemona, Ethiopian, 12 min.....	2	0
Pet of Parsons' Ranch, frontier drama, 5 acts, 2 hrs.....	9	3
Pets of Society, farce, 30 min....	0	7
Pull Back, farce, 20 min.....	0	6
Pocahontas, music'l burlesque, 1 h. 10 min.....	2	5
Parlor Entertainment, 25 min....	2	5
Played and Lost, sketch, 15 min..	3	2
Persecuted Dutchman, 35 min....	6	2
Quiet Family, farce, 45 min.....	4	4
Quar'some Serv'nts, Ethiop 8 min	3	0
Regular Fix, farce, 50 min.....	6	4
Rough Diamond, farce, 40 min....	4	3
Solon Shingle, comedy, 2 acts, 1 hr. 30 min.....	7	3
Soldier of Fortune, comedy, 5 acts, 2 hrs. 20 min.....	8	3
Seth Greenback, drama, 4 acts, 1 hr. 15 min.....	7	3
School Ma'am (The), drama, 4 acts, 1 hr. 45 min.....	6	5
Stage Struck Darkey, 10 min....	2	1
Stocks Up, Stocks Down, Ethiopian, 8 min.....	2	0
Sports on a Lark, Ethiopian, 8 m.	3	0
Sham Doctor, Ethiopian, 15 min.	4	2
Slasher and Crasher, farce, 1 hr. 15 min.....	5	2
Squeers' School, sketch, 15 min..	4	2
Sparkling Cup, Temperance drama, 5 acts, 2 hrs.....	12	4
Too Much of a Good Thing, farce, 50 min.	3	6
Two Gents in Fix, farce, 20 min	2	3
Two Puddifoots, farce, 40 min....	3	0
Two Pompeys, Ethiopian, 8 min.	4	0
Tricks, Ethiopian farce, 15 min..	5	2
Ticket of Leave Man, drama, 4 acts, 2 hrs. 45 min.....	8	3
Turn Him Out, farce, 50 min....	3	3
Toodles, drama, 2 acts, 1 hr 15 m.	6	2
Ten Nights in a Bar Room, Temperance drama, 5 acts, 2 hrs.	11	5
Two Ghosts in White, sketch, 25 m	0	8
Under the Laurels, drama, 5 acts, 1 hr. 45 min.....	5	4
Unhappy Pair, Ethiopian, 10 min.	8	0
Uncle Jeff, Ethiopian farce, 25 m.	5	2
Wanted a Correspondent, farce, 2 acts, 1 hr.....	4	4
Wide Enough for Two, farce 50m.	5	2
Which will be Marry, farce, 30 m.	2	8
Won at Last, comedy, 3 acts, 1 hr. 45 min.....	7	3
Women of Lowenburg, Historical Sketch, 5 scenes, 50 min.	10	10
Yankee Detective, drama, 3 acts, 2 hrs.....	8	3

T. S. DENISON, Publisher, 163 Randolph St., Chicago.

THE BEGGAR VENUS

A ROMANTIC DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

BY



A. L. WRIGHT.

CHICAGO:

Printed for the use of Actors and Managers.

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L 947

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Ms. A. 9. 28 / 12

THE BEGGAR VENUS.

CHARACTERS.

PSYCHE, The Beggar Venus.
ROGER BUCKINGHAM.
BARON WILANSKI.
IVAN.
FELIX.
VISCOUNT ST. AUBREY.
FATHER ALPHONSE (a Priest.)
LADY SHIRLEY.
LEILA ST. AUBREY.
ROMELDA SHIRLEY.

PROPERTIES.

Portrait, veil, money in notes, violin, tambourine, coin, bottle, knife, locket and chain, telegraph message, note, sketch book and pencil, revolver, easel, brushes, palette, unfinished portrait, bouquet, very short pencil, a scrap of paper, pitcher of water, and glass.

BILL OF THE PLAY.

ACT I. London; the portrait; the waif; rescued.

ACT II. Shirley Castle; the disdain of Lady Shirley and her daughter for the Beggar Venus; persecution.

ACT III. The wandering baron seeking his lost child. The Beggar Venus discovered in Roger's masterpiece ; confession and death of Ivan ; happy termination.

Time of action during the reign of King George III. Scene, England.

Costumes to suit that period. For gentlemen, embroidered waistcoats, cocked hats, knee breeches, powdered wigs, etc. Peasantry, coarse, ill-fitting garments, heavy, hob-nail shoes. For ladies, full skirts, sharp waist, very high collars, baggy sleeves, hair puffed at sides with combs. See illustrated histories of the period.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of the stage ; *C.*, center ; *R. C.*, right center ; *L.*, left ; *R. D.*, right door ; *L. D.*, left door, etc. ; *E.*, first entrance ; *U. E.*, upper entrance, etc. ; *D. F.*, door in flat or back of the stage ; *G.*, first groove, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

Time of performance about two hours and forty minutes.

THE BEGGAR VENUS.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST. *Room in the mansion of* VISCOUNT ST. AUBREY.
A veiled portrait of an old gentleman on sofa in corner L.
Furniture of elegant design. ROGER BUCKINGHAM discovered
as curtain rises.

ST. AUBREY. (*Entering from R.*) The servant announced to me as I was strolling through the corridor that a young artist awaited me in these apartments, that we might have a conversation.

ROGER. I am he. Do I have the honor of addressing the Viscount St. Aubrey?

ST. A. Yes; I am he. But I am puzzled to know what brings you hither.

ROG. There is nothing strange about that, for I am unknown to you and the city.

ST. A. Never in London before?

ROG. Never before.

ST. A. And from whence, may I ask, did you come?

ROG. From Northumberland.

ST. A. Then, no doubt you are a descendant of some titled family which for long years has made historic that charming locality of England?

ROG. Not so, my noble lord; I am plain Roger Buckingham. However, my uncle *was* an Earl.

ST. A. And he is no longer living?

ROG. No. Lord Shirley died ten years ago, and I, having been made a member of his household previous to his death,

remained under the matronly care of Lady Shirley, his wife ; that is, when my inherited proneness to roam did not lead me astray.

ST. A. Your nature, then, is that of a wanderer.

ROG. I must confess that I find delight in recreation and travel.

ST. A. You are in the halls of St. Aubrey mansion, then, merely to gratify your love of adventure ; nothing more !

ROG. You are wrong, my lord. Listen, and I will reveal to you the object of my mission here. Knowing you to be a connoisseur of art, I have come to London with the sole object of interviewing you, and at the same time, to display before your eyes the evidence of my talents (*Aside*), if such they may be called. Ever since the love of nature made me an artist, my powers have been greeted with naught but ill luck. It seemed as if the fame I had fancied in my dreams was destined there forever to remain. But a year ago while idly rummaging through the chambers of Shirley Castle, I chanced to discover the faded miniature of an old gentleman, whose intelligent brow and beaming eye inspired me with a longing to make them the subject of my brush. From this ancient portrait I have painted one, and I have brought it to London (*advancing to portrait*) that you may pass judgment upon its effects and defects. The servant has placed it in this room, and I will now unveil it to you. (*Takes the veil off the portrait.*)

ST. A. (*Surprised.*) My father !

ROG. (*In excitement.*) What is that you say ?

ST. A. Did you know, Sir Buckingham, that you had painted the portrait of my noble sire ?

ROG. (*With delight.*) No, my lord ; you give me a surprise. Little did I think that this painting brought here for your scrutiny was the likeness of any one in the St. Aubrey line.

ST. A. (*Nearing the picture.*) How perfect !

ROG. (*Aside.*) Can it be true that this work of mine is the portrait of his father? At first I thought him jesting, but see! (*Casting a glance at St. Aubrey.*) He nears the picture, and his eyes are riveted upon the features! Oh! it must be true. It makes me feel so strange, and yet I'm happy, and I—

ST. A. (*Interrupting.*) Sir Buckingham!

ROG. (*Bowing low.*) My lord.

ST. A. You are an artist.

ROG. Only a student.

ST. A. But there is evidence of your becoming a master.

ROG. (*Doubtingly.*) I fear you do but flatter. My anticipations, I am sure, will never be crowned by equal attainments.

ST. A. But you have painted the only perfect portrait of my father!

ROG. Does it please your highness?

ST. A. I am extremely delighted with it, Sir Buckingham, and I will now summon my daughter to the drawing room (*Going R.*), that she, too, may stimulate your ambition with her praise. (*Exit R.*)

ROG. Was I born to be forever the child of misfortune, or has some lucky star shot into the firmament of my existence? I was left alone in this great world, an orphan, to the mercy of those who had not the kindest regard for my well being. But the Viscount says I am an artist, and his compliments seem to infuse into my soul a sense of something more exalted. It gives me a better opinion of myself, and I am anxious for the coming of his daughter. (*Listens.*) Ah! Do I hear them coming? (*Listens again.*) No; it is music. From whence, I wonder, does it come? Rapturous melody! It must be some of the servants playing in the attic, it seems so distant-like. (*Going up and down stage, at the same time listening.*) They are playing the "Rakes of Mallow," that old, old air that I have oftentimes heard my dear friend Richard play in his lowly cottage up in Northumberland. But how strangely sweet it sounds to me now that I'm all alone in this great city.

(*Listens.*) Ah! The music comes from yonder (*Going L.*), and I verily believe I can see the players down upon the street. (*Putting his hand to his forehead, looks out window L.*) Yes, 'tis them! A beautiful girl, and a miserable old cripple with a violin. They look so cold and lonesome-like out upon the pavement, and a chilling rain is beginning to fall, and a dark, cold night is coming on. (*The music, which has been behind the scenes during the last lines, ceases.*) But hark! The music stops. (*Looking out upon the street.*) The players move along. They are turning the corner. How sad and sweet the girl's face looks in the glow of the street lamp! But they are out of sight. Gone; and again I am left alone in my solitude. (*Viscount and daughter heard coming R.*) Ah! They come.

ENTER ST. AUBREY and LEILA, R.

ST. A. Sir Buckingham!

ROG. My lord.

ST. A. This is my daughter, Leila St. Aubrey.

LEILA. I am pleased to meet you, Sir Buckingham.

ROG. And I am honored by meeting you.

LEILA. My father tells me you have painted the portrait of my paternal grandsire, and I suppose it is the one I see yonder.

ROG. Thus it happens to be, though when I painted it I knew not the name or lineage of the subject.

LEILA. A strange coincidence.

ROG. Singular indeed. I merely brought the painting to London with an idea of submitting it to the criticism of your father, and now I submit to yours. (*Beckoning her to near the picture.*)

LEILA. (*Going toward painting.*) My grandfather died long before my remembrance, and all there remains by which I can fancy his appearance is his portrait on the walls of an ancient castle in Shottery. Though it has been years since I saw this likeness a look at the one you have painted brings its appearance back to me.

ST. A. My daughter, there is not a portrait of my father extant, so perfect as the one yonder. (*Pointing.*)

ROG. (*Aside.*) Is it possible that the nobility of England are beginning to recognize my powers?

LEILA. (*Softly to St. Aubrey.*) Papa, will you purchase the portrait?

ROG. (*In delight.*) What is that I hear her say? Purchase the portrait?

ST. A. Sir Buckingham!

ROG. My lord.

ST. A. How much will you take for this picture?

ROG. Do you want to *buy* it?

ST. A. I must have it. It is the only true representation of my deceased father, and money is no sacrifice when love or patriotism are at stake. How much will you take for the picture?

ROG. What will you give for it?

ST. A. Sir Buckingham, for that portrait I will give you £200.

ROG. My lord, the picture is yours.

ST. A. (*Going R.*) Excuse me, then, one moment while I retire to the library. Presently I will return. (*Exit R.*)

LEILA. How glad I am that my papa has purchased the portrait—glad because I *know* it pleases him—glad because I *trust* it pleases you.

ROG. My actions, I know, do not betray my feelings, for I am indeed happy.

ENTER ST. AUBREY R.

ST. A. (*Handing money to ROGER.*) Sir Buckingham, here is £200, and with it I make the payment for yonder portrait of my father.

ROG. (*With respect.*) My lord, I shall ever remember this hour. You have paid me the first shilling my brush ever earned. My career, it seems, has begun by chance, and by

chance I pray it may be led through fields of everlasting glory and that the sun of my existence may go down in a cloudless sky. (ST. AUBREV and LEILA R., ROGER L. *Scene closed in by street in 2d grooves.*)

SCENE SECOND. *A street in London in 1 G. Time, late at night. Lights down.*

ROG. (*Entering from L.*) How queer it makes me feel; £200 in my pockets, and too, the Viscount says I am the possessor of talents! Oh, fame! How high up thou art! But step by step I'll climb the rugged ascent. But it's getting late and I must back to the inn. (*Looks down the street.*) Ah, the patrolman is on his beat.

ENTER OFFICER R., *passes slowly to L., and exits.*

But what is that I see coming up the street? The figures of two human beings? (*Looks off R.*) An old man—a girl! That face! The very one I saw an hour ago through the window at the Viscount St. Aubrey's. (*Looks intently.*) How divine that person's soul must be whose face so vividly portrays sadness, sweetness, purity. (*Excited.*) They turn down the alley. I must know more of these people. I will follow them. (*Exit R.*)

OFFICER *crosses from L. to R. slowly.*

OFFICER. Twelve o'clock, and all is well! (*Exit, repeating the above lines.*)

ENTER IVAN and PSYCHE, L.

IVAN. (*Gruffly.*) Come along, girl, come along! What makes thee creep along in that snail-like pace?

PSYCHE. (*Wearily.*) I am tired, so tired.

IVAN. Tired, eh? Thou hast no right to get tired. I do not support thee to be forever petted and fondled. Thou must dance for me!

PSY. But, Ivan—

IVAN. Father, child. Why don't you say father?

PSY. (*Aside.*) Father? He makes me call him that. (*Turning to IVAN.*) I have danced all day long, and you have given me but one little bun to eat, and I'm so tired and cold, and hungry, that I cannot dance any more to-night.

IVAN. Nonsense! Dance, I tell thee, dance!

PSY. (*Pitifully.*) Oh sir! Have you no mercy?

IVAN. (*In a stern manner.*) Child, dost thou obey, or dost thou not? (*Advances toward PSYCHE and raises cane as if to strike her.*)

PSY. (*Aside.*) O God! Friendless and helpless that I am, is it possible that Thou in thy providence can look down upon me and suffer me to be thus in misery and torture?

IVAN. (*More enraged.*) Will you dance?

PSY. (*Pleading.*) O sir, no people are on the street at this late hour. The lights are going out, and it's only some filthy grog shop or gambler's den where the lighted windows are. Oh! let's go along!

IVAN. Not until thou hast danced for me. Dance, or thou shalt have no supper to-night! (*IVAN places his violin to his neck and begins a polka.*)

PSY. Weary and sick, and yet he takes advantage of my weakness and makes me dance when my limbs ache so I can hardly stand.

IVAN. Dance!

PSYCHE *begins a dance to polka movement, during which time*

ROGER ENTERS *from L. unobserved.*

ROG. (*During the dance.*) Oh! What mystic beauty lies buried in the depths of her expression. Stranger and wanderer though she be, I cannot help but pity her.

IVAN. (*Ceasing the music.*) Now, Psyche, ask for alms!

ROG. (*Taking a gold coin from his pocket.*) I will give her this coin. It will keep her from starving, perhaps.

PSY. (*Holding out tambourine.*) Thank you, sir. (*Looking*

at the money.) That is more money than I have seen to-day.
(*Aside.*) Perhaps he will not beat me now.

IVAN. (*Going R.*) Come Psyche, we'll now go home.

PSY. (*Aside.*) Home! Is that what he calls it? Must I follow? Yes; I am the serf, he the lord.

IVAN. (*At wing R.*) Come, Psyche, come.

PSY. Oh, heavens! Will the chains that bind my soul in this misery ever be broken? (*Exit after IVAN, R.*)

ROG. Gone! And before I could speak with her, and perhaps I shall never see her again. But I must. (*Prompted by a sudden thought.*) There was something strangely divine about her, and her beauty transferred to canvas might win laurels for me among the crowned heads of the Continent. (*Going R.*) I will pursue her. Oh, could I but make her the subject of my masterpiece. (*Exit R. Scenes draw back disclosing the habitation of IVAN.*)

SCENE THIRD. *Room in which IVAN and PSYCHE live. Extremely plain apartment, with broken furniture. A soap box or small keg in R. C., upon which burns a dim candle. Large bottle sitting on the floor. IVAN provided with revolver and large knife. PSYCHE on a bed of straw in L. corner when scene opens. IVAN sitting on a broken chair.*

IVAN. Another day hath passed, and the girl is still mine. O, they'd like to find her, but they shall not. (*Brings his feet down upon the box.*) I'll baffle them to the last, if it takes my life. The profits of her gracefulness and beauty must buy me rum. I know they are on her track, but fortunately she has outgrown the look of her infancy, and they'll find it hard to identify her. But if they should, I would trump their cards with this (*drawing a large knife from his bosom*), and win the game at last. I am sick to-night, and there is but one medicine that will make me well. It is rum! rum! Accursed venom that it is, my throat is parched for the want of it. Great black monsters (*delirious*) seem to be gnawing at my very soul.

I *am* sick, and it is because I have nothing to drink. Rum I must have ! (*Endeavors to rise.*) Psyche ! (*Looks around and sees her asleep on the straw.*) Ah, the girl sleeps ! I suppose she *is* tired, but I must have drink or I shall die ! (*Calling.*)
• Psyche, Psyche !

PSY. (*Opens her eyes, talks faintly.*) Yes.

IVAN. (*Crucelly.*) Get up and go and get me some rum.

PSY. (*Pleading.*) O father, you cannot be so unkind ! I am tired, I cannot go.

IVAN. (*Still persisting.*) But I must have something to put out this flame that is burning me up.

PSY. I am too tired to rise. I am sick.

IVAN. Get up, Psyche, go down to the corner and get me rum !

PSY. (*Turning over as if going to sleep.*) O let me rest ! O *do* let me rest ! (*Goes to sleep.*)

IVAN. (*With elbows on his knees supporting his chin with his hands.*) Well, I will endure the torture a little longer, for the girl *is* weary, and should she become ill and die, then where would I get money to purchase my grog ? I, alone, could not work upon the sympathy of men and women, for my music, with myself, is growing old, and my arm cannot draw the bow as it could before I became so inebriated. They would kick *me*, while by reason of her grace and innocence they have a kindly feeling toward me ; for they think I'm her father (*in a low voice*), and she herself knows not the difference. (*Listens.*) But see ! She dreams ! Her mind is wandering ! Hark ! (*Listens.*)

PSY. (*In a vision.*) Oh, what a beautiful place ! That large house on the hill, the garden, the shady summer house, the winding path by the river, and the old gentleman with silver locks ! Ah, I see them plainly. But what is that under the great large tree ? A mound ! A grave with flowers ! Oh, papa ! Oh, mamma !

IVAN. (*Touched.*) This is more than I can stand. Awake,

girl ! What ails thee ? Thou hast been dreaming. Now get thee to the grog keeper's and buy me rum !

PSY. (*Resolved.*) No ; I cannot.

IVAN. (*Enraged.*) What is that I hear you say ?

PSY. (*Affrighted.*) Oh, sir, spare me ! I am sick.

IVAN. (*Going to box and getting bottle.*) Get up, you lazy brute, and take this bottle to the dram shop and there get it filled with that which will make your father well.

PSY. (*Doubting.*) My father well ! No, I dare not go out upon the streets to-night. You are cruel to ask me thus to do. Take a drink of water ; that will quench your thirst !

IVAN. (*Pacing the floor.*) Water is the child's beverage. It only makes me mad when I hear it spoken of. Go, child. (*Handing her the bottle.*) Fill that bottle with rum and hasten back.

PSY. Oh ! I am afraid to go out at this late hour. Don't make me go.

IVAN. (*In great anger.*) Go !

PSY. I will do anything I can for you, but I'm afraid to go alone through the dark alleys on such a cold, stormy night as this.

IVAN. (*Crazed with anger.*) Girl, what though thy beauty and innocence is my profit, say one word against my commands and I will murder you. (*Knife upraised over her head. PSYCHE on her knees at his feet with hands clasped toward heaven. The door in flat suddenly opens and*

ROGER BUCKINGHAM *rushes between the man and the girl.*

ROG. (*Snatching the knife from IVAN's hand.*) No ; you will not ! (*Picture.*)

PSY. (*After a pause.*) Oh, sir, Providence has sent you to my rescue. Had you not come when you did, he would have plunged that knife into my heart !

IVAN. (*Coming toward PSYCHE in anger.*) And it would have been but a fit recompense for thy disobedience !

ROG. (*Pushing him back.*) Stop where you are, villain. Any man who would strike a woman is not fit to live! (*A pause. Turning to PSYCHE.*) But girl, you look tired and sick.

PSY. I am; and hungry too. He don't give me what I want to eat. Now that you are here to protect me, I can tell it. He beats me very hard sometimes (*IVAN shows signs of anger, and endeavors to get where the girl is*), and only last night he struck me with his staff and made that bloody scar on my shoulder (*shows a blood stain through a rent in the clothing*), and now he was about to strike me because I was afraid to go out upon the street and get him drink, and—

IVAN. (*Interrupting.*) It was only to procure medicine for thy sick father.

PSY. (*Facing IVAN.*) Father? You're *not* my father; I *know* you're not!

IVAN. (*Rushing toward her.*) What?

ROG. (*Thrusting him into corner R.*) Hold, scoundrel, or the law of England shall make you the subject of its severest penalties. (*Turning to PSYCHE.*) Well, girl, I pity you.

PSY. (*With head downcast.*) And I suppose that is all any one can do for me!

ROG. (*Walks up stage. Aside.*) Is that all I can do for her? (*A long pause.*) No; I can do more. (*Approaching IVAN.*) Old man, will you sell this girl?

IVAN. (*Chuckling.*) If I get my price.

ROG. (*Leaning forward.*) How much?

IVAN. (*Sitting down by the keg*) Ah! Let me think a moment. (*A long, still pause.*) Two hundred pounds.

ROG. (*Shaking his head.*) Too much. I cannot afford to give that amount. (*During these lines PSYCHE stands in breathless suspense waiting for the decision.*)

IVAN. Not a shilling less will buy the girl!

ROG. (*Turning to part.*) Then she will have to remain where she is.

PSY. (*Falling on her knees at ROGER's feet.*) O buy me, stranger, buy me! If you leave me now he will kill me.

ROG. (*In the act of returning. Aside.*) No, I cannot part with her. Purity, though shrouded in external wretchedness, plays upon my conscience and will not let me go. (*To IVAN.*) Will you not take a hundred pounds?

IVAN. No.

ROG. A hundred and fifty pounds?

IVAN. No.

ROG. (*Aside.*) Must I part with the entire amount given me by the Viscount St. Aubrey for this girl? (*A pause. ROGER again starts toward the door in flat. Turning, bows low.*) Well, then.

PSY. (*Rushing toward ROGER, throwing herself at his feet, crying.*) Ah, sir! Think well of this moment. Can you not endure the sense of becoming a master if I can endure the sense of becoming a slave?

ROG. (*Returns. Advances to IVAN.*) I will give you two hundred pounds. (*A long pause.*)

PSY. (*Crying in joy.*) O my God, I am free! I am free! How can I thank you master, for this act. To you I owe my life.

ROG. (*Taking the two hundred pounds just received from his pocket.*) Here, old man, is two hundred pounds, and with it I make the payment for this girl.

IVAN. (*Taking the money in his hands, at the same time chuckling to himself.*) Money! money! Now I will buy me grog. I am rich, and as free as the girl you have bought!

ROG. (*Stepping forward.*) Don't be too sure. You're yet in my power, and I will have you arrested for attempting to murder. (*Goes up stage, looks out of the door.*) There is an officer at this moment turning the corner, and I will call him. (*Calling out the door.*) Help! help! help!

IVAN. (*Enraged at ROGER, takes a revolver from his person and points it at him.*) Be careful young man what you do, or I'll make a clean sweep of you all!

OFFICER *appears in open door.*

ROG. (*Pointing to OFFICER, addressing IVAN.*) You are foiled! Officer, arrest that man. He has tried to murder this helpless girl.

OFFICER. (*Taking IVAN by the shoulder.*) Lay down your weapons. You are my prisoner.

PSY. (*Struck by a sudden thought.*) O the locket; I must have that before I go!

ROG. What locket?

PSY. (*Going to ROGER C.*) He has a chain and locket belonging to me in that iron chest (*pointing to chest in R. corner*) yonder, and he says he's going to pawn it. It is the only treasure I have in the world, and I want it before I go.

OFFICER. (*To IVAN.*) Deliver to the girl this locket of hers.

IVAN. (*Goes slowly to the chest, lifts the cover and takes out a gold locket and chain.*) I think they will find this a pretty poor source of identity, for I have removed the plate upon which was engraved her history.

ROG. (*Advancing to IVAN to get the locket. IVAN himself hands it to PSYCHE.*) Now, are you ready to leave him?

PSY. (*Taking ROGER's hand.*) Yes, my benefactor, I am ready.

ROG. (*To IVAN.*) O villainy! (*To PSYCHE.*) O innocence! Dwellers 'neath the same roof; thou art forever parted. (*To IVAN.*) Thou shalt accompany this officer to the courts of justice. (*To PSYCHE.*) Thou shalt accompany me to Shirley manor, my aunt's beautiful estate in Northumberland. There thou shalt be kindly cared for, there thou shalt become a lady, aye, more than that, thou shalt some day become the subject of my masterpiece!

Slow Curtain.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST. *A garden. Rustic bench R. C. LADY SHIRLEY discovered sitting on the bench. ROMELDA SHIRLEY standing by her side with message in hand.*

LADY S. Read the message again, Romelda. Perhaps we may guess who this new comer is to be.

ROMELDA. (*Reading message.*) "London, Nov. 16. Will be at the Manor to-night at 6:30, with a model who in the future will live with us. Your nephew,

"ROGER BUCKINGHAM."

LADY S. Who can it be?

ROM. I'm sure, mother, I cannot tell. It may be that Roger has come across some relative of ours who will accompany him to the manor.

LADY S. But we have no immediate connection in London known to Roger, and I'm induced to believe otherwise.

ROM. (*Clapping her hands.*) Wouldn't it be just grand if Roger had engaged some handsome London belle to come and pose in his studio?

LADY S. Quite romantic, yes; however, I think Roger possesses too little confidence in his ability to venture thus.

ROM. But Roger has an ambition to become famous, and his paintings of late truly exhibit unusual skill. I am almost sure the model to which the message alludes will prove to be a beautiful figure for his study.

LADY S. (*Rising.*) It is past the hour of his arrival now. I confess I am anxious to see him.

ROM. (*Walks up stage, looking R.*) So am I; but here comes Felix. Perhaps he can aid us in solving the mystery.

ENTER FELIX, R.

FELIX. (*Taking off his hat rudely, makes several bows.*) Good evening, ladies. (*To ROMELDA.*) Aint that right?

ROM. Ha, ha, ha! Yes, Felix, quite proper.

LADY S. I am glad you have come out into the garden. Sit down awhile.

FELIX. (*Excited.*) No, I cannot stay. I merely came to tell you something.

ROM. (*Anxiously.*) Oh yes, yes, yes! Do tell us. (*To LADY S.*) Mother, I knew he could tell us all about cousin Roger and his model. (*To FELIX.*) Go on, go on. I know just what you're going to say.

FELIX. (*Folding his arms and walking away pompously.*) Then it saves me the trouble of telling it.

ROM. (*Taking him by the coat sleeve.*) O no, tell it. I only meant I had an idea what it was. Tell us quick!

FELIX. Are you in a hurry?

ROM. Yes, yes.

FELIX. What would you give to know?

ROM. (*Impatiently.*) Oh Felix, don't keep us in suspense. Tell us if you really know.

FELIX. (*Nearing the ladies.*) Well then, listen. (*A pause.*) Are you ready for me to break the news?

LADY S. AND ROM. Yes! yes!

FELIX. (*Getting closer.*) And wont you say I told you?

ROM. No, no! Go on, go on!

FELIX. (*Getting very near.*) Well then, I will tell you that (*pause*)—that—now pay close attention—that—are you prepared?

LADY S. AND ROM. Yes, yes!

FELIX. (*Talking in their ears.*) Then I will tell you that (*a pause*) now be ready—that I was thinking of a second wife! (*Walks away hastily.*)

ROM. (*Stamping her foot.*) Oh, you horrid gardener. We thought you knew about the coming of Roger and his model.

FELIX. And his what?

LADY S. We received a message from Roger a few hours ago stating that he would be at the manor at 6:30 to-night with a model.

FELIX. What's he going to do with it?

ROM. Models, Felix, are the study of artists.

FELIX. Will he let 'er loose?

ROM. Stupid! Remain, and when they arrive, you will see what his model is.

FELIX. (*Going R.*) I think I'll be wise in going before they come, for if this model you tell about should fall in love with my elegant shape, ah, me! where would the blue-eyed widder be? Aint that right? (*Exit R.*)

ROM. (*Girlishly.*) Ha! ha! ha! What a queer old gardener; and yet I must confess I should feel lonesome not to have him about the manor.

LADY S. Hush, Romelda, I hear footsteps approaching (*listens*) and voices. (*Voices outside L.*) It is Roger coming up the path. (*Going to the rustic bench.*) Come, let us sit upon the bench till he comes. (*LADY S. sits, ROMELDA stands looking L.*)

ROG. (*Outside.*) Follow me, Psyche; I know you are tired, but I think we will find them upon the terrace, and then, in a little while we will be at the castle.

ENTER ROGER *L.*, followed by PSYCHE.

Yes, here they are, my dear aunt and cousin, awaiting our arrival. (*ROGER embraces both LADY S. and ROMELDA, who act pleased to see him.*)

LADY S. I am glad to see you back once more.

ROM. And so am I, but why did you not bring the model as your message announced?

ROG. Why did I not bring the model? I have. There she stands. (*Pointing to PSYCHE, who has remained in the background trying to hide herself in the shrubbery.*)

LADY S. Roger, you are jesting now.

ROM. (*To LADY S.*) See, mother, she is a filthy urchin—a vagabond.

ROG. Don't talk that way, cousin. The rags that cover

purity are more precious in the sight of God than the silks that cover sin.

PSY. (*Aside.*) I am afraid I shall not like it here. The people feel above me because I'm poor.

ROG. (*Beckoning LADY S. to him.*) Auntie, draw near and I will tell you how it happened. The picture which I took to London for the criticism of the Viscount St. Aubrey, proved to be the likeness of his father. (*ROMELDA and LADY S. show surprise.*) He bought the picture, paying me two hundred pounds. I found that girl in the miserable habitation of a drunken musician who was about to kill her. I rescued her and with that two hundred pounds I delivered her from the murderous hands of the player. I have brought her here to live, and some day I mean to make her the subject of my masterpiece. (*Calling to PSYCHE.* ROMELDA and LADY S. retire to R.) Come here, Psyche. (*Aside.*) Poor girl. She feels her position keenly. (*To PSYCHE.*) That is my aunt, Lady Shirley, and the other is my cousin, Romelda. I may as well tell you now that their social position forbids my giving you any formal introduction to them.

LADY S. Roger!

ROG. (*Looking up.*) Yes, auntie.

LADY S. (*With a sneer.*) We will return to the castle. The waif you may install among the servants. (*Exit LADY S. and ROMELDA.*)

ROG. (*Aside.*) She has been very kind to me since my father died, when I was placed under hers and Lord Shirley's care, but this act of mine, I fear, has turned her against me, but never mind. (*Turning to PSYCHE.*) Come, sit by me awhile, Psyche; we will shortly withdraw to the castle.

ENTER FELIX *unobserved L., with basket.*

FELIX. (*Aside.*) Ho! ho! ho! Sir Roger and a woman, and if not a woman it must be a model. (*Goes up behind ROGER, slaps him violently on the back.*)

ROG. (*Jumping up frightened.*) Why, Felix! you gave me such a start!

FELIX. Ever had one before?

ROG. (*Laughs.*) Well, Felix, old soul, are you glad to see me back again? (*Takes FELIX by the hand.*)

FELIX. (*Laughing vigorously.*) Glad to see you? Well, I guess I be. I am always glad. I was born glad, and I've been glad ever since. Aint that right?

ROG. One blessed with so placid a nature has reason to be thankful. But where are you going with that large basket?

FELIX. To the market in the village.

ROG. On your way thither would you do an errand for me?

FELIX. (*Takes off his cap.*) With pleasure.

ROG. Please call, then, at the Shaugurine cottage and tell the servant I would be pleased to have Miss Faustina pose to-morrow at 2 in the afternoon, for neck and head.

FELIX. Then you don't want the rest of her?

ROG. (*Walking down stage.*) You do not understand, Felix. Some day I will explain. You may proceed.

FELIX. (*Going close to ROGER and talking in his ear.*) Before I go there is something I would like to whisper in your ear. (*A pause. FELIX points silently to PSYCHE.*) Is that your model?

ROG. Yes; some day I hope to be able to transfer the divinity of her soul upon canvas.

FELIX. But your aunt and cousin just now told me that you *bought* that girl.

ROG. And so I did.

FELIX. Then let me tell you you're a fool!

ROG. Why?

FELIX. Because the world is full of women that you could have got for nothing. (*Going R.*) But that is your business, not mine, and I must away to the market. (*Scratches his head.*) Let me see; I am to say to the servant at the Shaugurine cottage that you'd like Miss Faustina's neck and head to-morrow in the P. M. Aint that right? (*Exit R.*)

ROG. (*To PSYCHE.*) A queer being, is he not, Psyche?

PSY. Who was that?

ROG. That was Felix, the gardener of the manor.

PSY. And didn't he wonder how I came here?

ROG. (*Taking PSYCHE by the hand.*) No; he, as well as my aunt and cousin, has already been made acquainted with the story of your wretched existence in London, and how I ransomed you; and the clouds that shadow our pathway now we will hope may be lifted and let the sunshine down.

PSY. (*Looking up into ROGER'S face.*) O sir! do you know that I have thought as I sat there musing, that there was little choice between life and death when the time came, that equal flesh and blood were so widely separated by power. I have wondered that if when I came to die they would give me a lower place in heaven because I had been a beggar on earth. Oh, my benefactor! I do not want to feel that you are still a stranger to me, for you're the only friend I have in this great world. (*Crying.*)

ROG. (*Soothing.*) Don't take on so, Psyche; you even bring the moisture to my own eyes when you talk of being a beggar. You are no longer thus. You are many miles from him who made you dance and sing upon the streets of London. You are going to live with us up in yonder castle on the hill. Look up into my face, and let me see you smile. We may hope, even while the clouds are blackest. Thou art not forever destined to be miserable. Remember, thou shalt some day become the subject of my masterpiece. (*Scene closed in by village street, in 2d grooves.*)

SCENE SECOND. *A village street. ENTER FELIX L. in great haste; his coat tails gone, his pantaloons torn, his hat in one hand, his basket in the other. Barking of dogs outside L. Orchestra playing lively music.*

FELIX. (*Excitedly.*) O dear, O dear! I wonder who I am! That dog must have took me for another feller. How quickly

he dislocated the posterior department of my coat ; and my pants (*looks down at them*), poor pants ! They are rented. The rent is high, I guess I'd better move. But it will never do to go up to the Shaugurine cottage in this condition. They'd say I was an escaped lunatic, and likes enough they'd set another dog onto me. That would be monotonous. I don't like too much of one thing. (*Takes off his coat gently, and throws it on the ground. Addressing the coat.*) You have stuck by me for years, but the best of friends must part. You was past your usefulness. I was only wearing you for the good you had done. Now I must sneak back to the lodge and put on another wardrobe. I'll dress myself all up in my holiday attire, the one I always wear when I go to see the blue-eyed widder in the alley. (*To himself.*) Anybody wouldn't think I was in love to look at me ! But I am, all the same ; and she (*grins*) lives up in the alley yonder. (*Pointing L.*) She's a handsome lass of thirty-two summers, and I should think about as many winters. (*Recollecting his situation.*) Oh ! what if she should see me in this condition. Poor thing ; I'm afraid 'twould break her heart. I haint any hard feelings agin that dog. He looked very sorry for what he'd done when I turned and invited him with the toe of my boot to let up. Let me see ; (*scratching his head*) what did Sir Roger tell me I must say to Miss Faustina at the Shaugurine cottage ? He wanted her neck and head to-morrow at 2 in the p. m. Poor thing ! I'm glad I'm not a model. When anybody gets my neck and head they've got to take the rest of me. I don't come in sections. I'm all here—all but my coat tails. (*A woman's voice from above speaks, and a note drops to stage as if thrown from a window. Voice.*) Ah, I see you ! Felix (*looking up.*) Great Heavens ! She sees me. O dear ! what shall I do ? (*Picking up the note.*) She threw this little billy dux at me. (*Opening note.*) I wonder what Billy has to say. (*Reads note.*) "Felix, I've been watching you for a long time from my window. I see you are drunk. I want to tell you I shall not

marry no rum keg for a husband ; so that settles it. You need not come to see me any more. Any man that drinks whisky and acts as you do on the public streets can't put both his arms around me and call me his sugar-coated jewel." (*Looking up.*) It's a lie. I never put both my arms around her, because I've got the rheumatism in my left shoulder. (*In despair.*) Oh ! my goose is cooked ! My bread is butter side down ! The blue-eyed maiden's gone agin her word. She thinks I'm drunk. (*Starting L.*) I'll go right back to the lodge and dress all up nice. Then I'll go and make up with her. (*Picks up the coat and puts it in the basket.*) Poor garment ! I don't dare put it on. (*Holds the basket at arm's length.*) That coat will have the hydrophobia sure ! I'll hurry home before it has an attack come on. (*Exit L. in haste.*)

SCENE THIRD. ROGER BUCKINGHAM'S *studio in the Shirley mansion.* ROGER *discovered with brushes and palette in hand standing in front of an easel, upon which rests a partly made picture of PSYCHE.*

ROG. (*Looking intently at his work.*) The masterpiece already begun ! Oh, thou Beggar Venus ! Can it be that all is a myth ? It seems so much like a dream sometimes, that I can scarcely trust in the reality of my own thoughts. (*Turning around.*) But why does she not come ? An hour have I waited here alone for her. Poor girl ; I wish I knew if she was any happier here, environed with wealth and splendor, with all that is grand and gorgeous for her eyes to feast upon, than she was in the great city of London, wearing out her little self for the sake of a cruel, murdering violinist. I *hope* she is. But the indignities shown her by my aunt and cousin, I fear make her long to go back to old Ivan and again become the beggar on the streets of London ! (*Going up stage.*) Oh ! why don't she come ? I'm getting impatient to see her face again.

PSYCHE *comes tripping in from open door in flat.*

PSY. Who are you so impatient to see, Roger?

ROG. (*Turning to see who it is.*) You, my—(*To himself.*) No ; I must not say the words. (*To PSYCHE.*) Do you know you've kept me waiting?

PSY. Yes ; but as I came up across the garden the flowers looked so pretty, and the birds were singing so sweetly in the trees that I could not help stopping to enjoy them a moment. Forgive me ; wont you, master?

ROG. (*With a pained look.*) Don't say that word. It sends a pain to my heart. I'm not your master.

PSY. But you bought me.

ROG. Not to make you a slave.

PSY. What then?

ROG. To liberate you from the wretchedness and cruelty of a bad man ; and to make you the subject of my masterpiece. (*Pointing to picture, R.*)

PSY. (*Turning.*) Ah, my first sitting.

ROG. Yes ; and day by day as we together watch the development of the picture, let us pray for its perfection, and pray that through it the gates to the love of my aunt and cousin may be opened to us.

PSY. (*With pride.*) It makes me feel like a lady to have my picture on canvas.

ROG. And that is what you will be some day.

PSY. Do you really think so?

ROG. Yes.

PSY. (*Going up stage. In despair.*) No. I shall always be a beggar as long as I live. Perhaps not a beggar on the streets of London, but a beggar of other people's favor, other people's love !

ROG. (*Taking hold of her arm.*) That is not so, for as long as I live there will be one whose love you will not have to beg.

PSY. (*Looking up into ROGER's face.*) You are very kind

to me, Roger, and I fear I shall never live to see the day that I can pay you back the debt of gratitude that I owe you.

ROG. Perhaps you never will, but we'll hope.

PSY. Hope is a vacant word to me. All my life I have hoped, but in vain. The object seems like the place where the earth and sky seem to meet, and like that place, when I think I've almost reached it, it is always just a little ways beyond. (*Crying.*)

ROG. (*Endeavoring to comfort her.*) Poor girl! Try not to think about yourself and your sorrow. Come (*placing a chair for her*), sit awhile. We will turn our thoughts to brighter subjects.

PSY. (*Sitting by ROGER.*) O Roger! do you know I think you're awful good?

ROG. I wish I could feel that your opinion was just.

PSY. Now that we're all alone in your studio, I would like to ask you one question.

ROG. What is it, Psyche?

PSY. Were your aunt and cousin always so cold and reserved before I came here to live?

ROG. (*Turning from her. Aside.*) Must I tell her? (*To PSYCHE.*) Why do you ask such a question?

PSY. Because in knowing it will at least remove some fancies and superstitions; and if I am made more miserable it will only be because I know the truth.

ROG. I do not know how to word a reply.

PSY. Tell it plainly, Roger, tell it truthfully. Did Lady Shirley and Miss Romelda treat you so disrespectfully before you brought me to Northumberland?

ROG. (*Rising, walks L. Aside.*) I must not tell her falsely. (*Comes back to PSYCHE.*) No; if you must have the truth, she was always kind to me before you came.

PSY. (*Rising.*) Then I will go.

ROG. (*Putting his hand on her shoulder.*) No; you will stay.

PSY. (*Reasoning*). But it's not right for me to enjoy the grandeur and luxury that surround me here at the expense of another's sorrow. (*A thought strikes her.*) But I forgot. Your money ransomed me, and it shows my ingratitude when I talk of leaving you. Through a sense of duty I will remain, though all the while till some loving goddess shall bring about a reconciliation, I shall feel as though I was not wanted here.

ENTER LADY SHIRLEY, L.

LADY S. Roger, are you busy?

ROG. No; would you like to talk with me?

LADY S. Yes.

ROG. (*To PSYCHE.*) There are some blank cards on the table, Psyche (*pointing to small table, R.*), take the brushes and turn artist awhile. My aunt has something to say to me. (*PSYCHE does as she is bid. ROGER turns to LADY SHIRLEY.*) Now, what is it?

LADY S. (*Indignantly.*) I desire your presence only. Send the beggar into another room!

PSY. (*Starting toward R. To herself.*) I will go. He would not send me.

ROG. (*To PSYCHE.*) You will return in an hour. Then you may pose again for the picture.

Exit PSYCHE, R.

LADY S. Now, Roger Buckingham, will you answer the question which I shall ask you?

ROG. I will try.

LADY S. (*Sincerely.*) Tell me then, what prompted you to buy that degraded creature and bring her into our house?

ROG. What prompted me?

LADY S. Yes.

ROG. The resolve not to see innocence stained with its own blood.

LADY S. Oh, you're not so gallant as that. It was something besides that.

ROG. Yes, there was something else.

LADY S. What?

ROG. The longing to make her the subject of my masterpiece.

LADY S. Roger, you are doing very wrong to keep that girl here. She is a disgraceful castaway, and her Bohemian nature asserts itself in ways that are humiliating to people in our social rank. Roger, you're a fool to interest yourself in this girl! (*A pause.*)

ROG. Perhaps I am. Time alone will verify your words.

ENTER FELIX, *L.*

FELIX. Pardon me for disturbing your conversation, but Sir Roger, there's a woman at the lodge that wants to know how much you give a day for the models that pose in your studio?

ROG. Felix, please inform the lady that I do not hire models. I do not consider that my ability is yet recognized by the world, hence, all the models that pose in *my* studio come to me as a student, not a master.

FELIX. Have I got to tell her all that?

ROG. No; simply inform her that her services are not required.

FELIX. Yes, Sir Roger. (*Exit L.*)

ROG. (*Turning to LADY S.*) Now, have you anything further to say concerning this girl?

ENTER ROMELDA *R. unobserved.*

LADY S. No, it is useless; you think you are right, and nothing but time will prove to you otherwise.

ROM. (*Advancing.*) And that will surely do it!

ROG. Then we'll let time have the honor of bringing in the verdict.

LADY S. But must we suffer the disgrace of her presence here till years have made you realize your injustice to us?

ROM. (*Laying her hand upon ROGER's arm, pleadingly.*) O Roger! Look at our rank in the world. Only think; this is

the manor of the late Lord Shirley of Northumberland. How could you have possessed the courage to bring such a creature into our midst?

ROG. It didn't require any courage, cousin. It only took a heart susceptible of pity.

ROM. Can you pity such a girl?

ROG. Yes.

ROM. How can you? You know not whether she deserves it or not. You know nothing of her kith or kin!

ROG. And that is why I pity her the more!

LADY S. O Roger! Your arguments are frail.

ROG. If so it is only because my heart aches too hard for reasoning.

ENTER PSYCHE *R.*, *unnoticed.*

LADY S. (*To ROGER.*) Your persistence drives me mad. If you continue it will not be long before I shall detest you as I do the girl. Will nothing convince you that you are bringing upon yourself and your relations shame and degradation by allowing such a creature to breathe the air of Shirley manor?

ROG. Nothing, save the girl's own infidelity.

LADY S. (*Resolved.*) Then from this moment do not seek favor at our hands. Never ask me to be again the friend to you that I have been in the past, for you're not my nephew if you care for her, the menial, the beggar, the wretch—

PSY. (*Rushing between them and throwing her arms around ROGER's neck.*) Oh, Roger! Do let me go before I am killed with anguish, and you are burdened with disgrace. If I were the only one to suffer, I would not mind; but Roger, you are too true, too noble, to be made thus miserable by another's presence. O let me go! Let me go! (*Laying her head upon his breast, crying.*)

LADY S. (*With intense anger.*) Sir, you are trifling with my authority. The girl begs to return to her sinful haunts and wandering life. I will no longer entreat you; I command you! Send that creature (*pointing to PSYCHE*) back to London!

ROG. (*Enraged.*) Hold, woman ! You are mad. When you send that girl away from this castle, you send me too And I dare you to send *me* ; I dare you to close the doors of this house upon me ; I dare you to cheat me in the future as you have cheated me in the past !

LADY S. (*With a significant glance at ROMELDA.*) What ?

ROG. (*Drawing nearer.*) Listen, and I will reveal to you for the first time, my knowledge of a transaction which you were keeping from me. When my father, upon his dying bed, made you the guardian of my minority, he gave over to you our entire estate, twenty thousand pounds ; (LADY S. and ROMELDA *look very strangely at each other*) and there, during his last moments, you signed a paper agreeing to care for me in the place of my poor dead mother ; and that when I had attained the legal age you were to relinquish your hold on the property, giving me my portion (ten thousand pounds), and I was to shift for myself. I am three years past the specified age now, and yet, rather than pay back the money, you play the traitor and keep me in ignorance. But I've found you out.

LADY S. (*Surprised and excited.*) How ?

ROG. I've seen the paper ! And a few days ago one of the witnesses, now in foreign lands, supposing the property had descended into my hands, wrote me a letter congratulating me on my inheritance. O woman ! the truth has come to light at last ; and now I repeat it. Send that girl (*pointing to PSYCHE*) away, and you send me ; but before *I* go, I trouble you for my rightful portion, ten thousand pounds !

LADY S. (*Humbly.*) But that would ruin us, Roger !
(LADY S. *sobs.* *The orchestra in tremolo until act drops.*)

ROG. (*Taking his place between LADY S. and PSYCHE, who is L.*) Then you are in my power ! There are two things for you to choose between : Pay over to me the share to which I am entitled according to your agreement, and the girl and I will bid adieu to this manor, nevérmore to disturb your peace by our presence ; or cancel your hatred for her this moment,

and say she shall remain, not as a servant, but as a member of your household, as a recipient of yours and cousin Romelda's love ! (*LADY S. and ROMELDA advance slowly and take PSYCHE by the hands. Slow curtain.*)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE FIRST. *A forest near Shirley manor. ROGER and PSYCHE strolling together through the wood.*

ROG. (*ENTERING from L., arm in arm with PSYCHE.*) Six months have passed away since I brought you to Shirley manor. Can you believe it, Psyche ?

PSY. Yes ; it almost seems as many years to me.

ROG. That is because you are unhappy here. Oh, I wish I could think of something that would be a joy to you !

PSY. There is but one thing.

ROG. And that is —

PSY. Your permission that I might leave Northumberland and escape the ire of Lady Shirley and your cousin Romelda.

ROG. Are you sure you would be happy then ?

PSY. Yes, if — (*Acting shyly.*)

ROG. If what ?

PSY. If you would go too.

ROG. (*Taking her by the hand.*) Ha ! ha ! ha ! How glad I am that you are brave enough to make this acknowledgment. But I shall never leave Northumberland, for my aunt, I am well aware, has exhausted all my inherited property in keeping up the Shirley estate ; and now all there remains for me to do is to stay and make the best of my circumstances. O Psyche ! I have been defrauded of my rights. I have been cheated by those supposed to be my benefactors, and all about me there seems to be gathering the shades of a horrid night, but for all this darkness, all this misery, there is a guiding star, and in its rays there seems to be something like hope.

(*Looking into PSYCHE's face.*) O Psyche! Don't you understand my meaning? You are my star. It is you that gives me hope. (*Draws her nearer to him.*)

PSY. But you mistake; my station in the world is far below yours.

ROG. (*Shaking his head.*) I scarce believe such could ever be.

PSY. But I am a beggar.

ROG. No longer thus. You are a lady.

PSY. Then why am I not as good as your aunt and cousin?

ROG. You are.

PSY. They do not think so.

ROG. Their opinion does not influence the world. They have no right to think ill of you.

PSY. Since the time when you made known to them your knowledge of the property in their possession belonging to you, I have fancied they *were* a *little* more friendly toward me, but it only makes me feel the worse, for now I know they only treat me decent because you have forced them to do so.

ROG. (*Leading PSYCHE to set stump R. PSYCHE sits.*) Poor girl! Try not to think about your present woe. Think rather of the future, which will be brighter.

PSY. You do not know that, Roger.

ROG. I trust, and I am trusting now, that the hour will sometime come when this great barrier of human rank shall have been washed away, and all the members of Shirley household shall be brought together to enjoy the blessing of each other's love. O Psyche! For my sake be brave; for my sake pray that this, the winter of our sorrow, may be followed by a springtime of love and reconciliation.

PSY. For your sake, Roger, I will pray.

ROG. Then you will be happy.

PSY. Yes; happy because it pleases you.

ROG. (*Unfolding his sketch book.*) Here is my sketch book, Psyche. I will select a study for you.

PSY. (*Laughing.*) But I'm not an artist.

ROG. That may be, but the attempt at making little pictures will afford you amusement which will divert your mind from the gloom that hovers about you. (*Handing her the pencils.*) Here are the pencils. Now see how perfect a picture you can make of yonder forest tree. (*Pointing R.*)

PSY. (*With sketch-book on her lap, and pencil in her hand.*) Now, Roger, while I'm sketching you must not watch me, for it makes me nervous.

ROG. (*Going toward set rock and bank, L.*) Then I will sit here upon the bank and look the other way.

PSY. No ; go out into the wood and pluck me some flowers. When you return I will have the picture completed.

ROG. (*Going L.*) Very well. Remember I shall be anxious to behold your first attempt. (*Exit.*)

PSY. (*Soliloquy.*) When he sees it I am sure he will not say he is anxious to behold my *second* attempt. However, I will try. (*Looking first at the picture and then at the object.*) I must begin at the roots (*sketching*), that's the way Roger does. (*A pause.*) Oh ! it's not so easy a matter this sketching of large forest trees with tangled branches. I never can do it. (*Throws sketch-book on the ground.*) Roger will have to finish it. (*Gazes wildly about.*) Sketching has made me dizzy. (*Closes her eyes.*) O how strange I begin to feel ! (*A pause.*) And—what is that I see up there. (*In a vision.*) O, the picture ! That same picture that has seemed to follow me night and day ever since I can remember. The large house on the hill ; the beautiful garden ! I can see them all before me. And there (*pointing*)—oh, there is the same green mound beneath the spreading boughs of that large tree ! A grave ! Oh, death has come ! But there's one *other* I cannot see ! Are *they* dead too ? No, not dead (*bewildered*)—absent, absent—absent ! O Eden ! Could it have been more beautiful ! Rippling waters ! Hear them (*listens*) gurgle in the sleepy dell. How sweetly the birds are singing in the bushes ! Oh ! what is all

this splendor? Where am I! (*Awakens and gazes about.*) I wonder why Roger does not return. I feel as though I had been far, far away to a beautiful land. Old Ivan used to tell me it was all a vision, but something within me seems to say there is a place somewhere just as lovely as the one I see in my dreams. (*Rises.*) I wish Roger would come. (*Calling L.*) Roger! Roger!

(*ROG. Answering from a distance, L.*) Yes!

PSY. (*Listening.*) I hear his voice. He is coming. I wonder if he will chide me for not finishing the picture. No, Roger never scolds.

ENTER ROGER *from L. in haste, with a bouquet of real flowers.*

ROG. (*Giving her the bouquet.*) Did you think I had forgotten you and had returned to the castle?

PSY. No, Roger. The time has not seemed long to me, for I've been on a far off journey.

ROG. A journey? Where? Certainly not so very far away, or else the transit was made with unusual rapidity.

PSY. It seemed very far. I cannot tell *how* far. Everything looked so lovely there that I would like to take you there with me, sometime.

ROG. (*Looking for the sketch book.*) I fear you have been dreaming, and have not finished the picture. (*Starts to pick up sketch book from the ground, when PSYCHE gets it from him and puts it out of his reach, girlishly.*)

PSY. No, I could not, Roger. It was impossible. You would not be angry with me?

ROG. Angry with you? (*Putting his arm around her waist.*) That would be just as impossible. You are too good, too kind.

PSY. (*Laying her hand in ROGER'S.*) Are you sure you are speaking your own mind?

ROG. Rest assured of my sincerity, and I will pray that it may be reciprocated by yours. But now that we're once again

alone, I have a question, which has been in my mind ever since I first set my eyes upon you. Will you answer it?

PSY. If it lies within my power.

ROG. What mean those initials about your neck?

PSY. (*Reading the initials.*) "J. W." I cannot tell. I asked old Ivan the same question once and he told me they had no meaning—that they were only for ornament.

ROG. And I suppose he satisfied your mind that it was so.

PSY. No; I believe they have a significance.

ROG. Yet you cannot tell what it is?

PSY. No.

ROG. Strange, indeed. Did you never attempt to trace the history of that locket?

PSY. How could I? You forget, Roger, I have no one to aid me—no kith, no kin; and sometimes I feel as though there was no one whom I might ever call my friend. (*Buries her face in her hands, and begins to cry.*) Oh, Roger! It is hard to live in this great world of splendor and happiness with others all about me joyous and glad, while I only live in misery and woe. It seems as though my tired heart was aching its life away. Oh, if I could only die! Then God would take me home and I wouldn't be a beggar any more. O why must I live? Why must I live?

ROG. (*With tears in his eyes, taking her by the hand.*) Live, because there is something better for you to live for. Your words have inspired me with a courage to tell you that I love you.

PSY. (*Smiles, while yet crying.*) Then life, indeed, has an object for me. (*Puts her arms about ROGER's neck.*)

Scene closed in by street.

SCENE SECOND. *A street in Northumberland.*

ENTER BARON WILANSKI *from R. with cane in his hand.*

BARON. (*Looks in all directions.*) Another village have I

reached at last—a pretty little town. (*To himself.*) I wonder if the kind of life I'm living will ever end. Week after week, month after month, year after year; and still I'm no nearer the end of my journey. And the discouraging prospects on every hand only cause me to believe that death alone will terminate my wanderings. Like the winds that regulate the arrow upon yon church spire (*pointing*) I am shifted hither, thither. I wander; and my wandering seems to bring me no nearer its object. (*Looks around him.*) I don't remember of ever being in this village before. It looks as though there might be wealth and enterprise here. But what is wealth? O it's but a burden—a torture, if it will not bring the desire of your heart! O how much sweeter is poverty linked with happiness, than riches, when dimmed with woe. I have wealth; but it has no value to me when I compare it to her for whom I seek. How willingly would I give every shilling I own if I could be privileged to behold her face again! Oh, Jaqueline! My child! (*Stares vacantly.*) Eighteen years ago she was stolen from me. Long years to me! (*Cries. Mind wanders.*) Why I came to Northumberland I cannot tell. There's no one here I know, but then I've got used to strangers. Oh! when I think of my beautiful home in Bohemia and all the luxury there, I almost decide to return and give up this vain hope of ever finding her who is lost; but then her mother's dying words will ring in my ears. "Go," she said, "and search for Jaqueline. She will be a joy to you in your declining years." (*Hands clasped toward heaven.*) O God! Direct my course. Send down some gentle spirit that will lead me in the right path. O, Jaqueline! O, Jaqueline!

ENTER FELIX *L., unobserved.*

FELIX. (*Aside.*) Oh! oh! I wonder who he is. Looks as though he might be lost. (*Approaching.*) How are you my lord? (*Takes off his hat and bows.*)

BARON. Good-evening, sir.

FELIX. (*Aside.*) He's a good-looking old feller. I believe he'd make a good father-in-law.

BARON. Stranger, could I ask a favor of you?

FELIX. To be sure.

BARON. Will you kindly inform me where I can find a quiet inn?

FELIX. Yes, my lord. (*Beckons BARON to him.*) Come here. (*BARON goes to FELIX who turns him about, when he points with his right hand over BARON'S shoulder.*)

FELIX. Do you see that large brown-colored building standing on the left hand side of the street, way down beyond where that feller's hitching that horse to that lamp post?

BARON. Yes.

FELIX. My girl lives there.

BARON. But kind sir, you would confer upon me a greater favor by directing me to a place where I could get some supper, and where I could retire for the night.

FELIX. Well, you wait. I was jest coming to it. (*Stations BARON as before.*) You turn the first corner beyond that place where you see a big medicine sign, and go up that road till you come to an old church with ivy growing all over it. Then you turn down a lane that's there, and if you don't come to a quiet inn, it's because the feller that keeps it has closed for the season.

BARON. (*Puzzled.*) My friend, I fear you will have to accompany me thither if I find the place.

FELIX. Were you never there?

BARON. No; nor was I ever in this place before.

FELIX. (*Standing back.*) Oh, oh! a traveler, hey?

BARON. Yes.

FELIX. Where do you come from?

BARON. I hardly know. My home is in Bohemia.

FELIX. In Bohemia? Then you must be a Bohemian.

BARON. I am proud to own that nationality.

FELIX. (*Aside.*) And I'm proud myself. You wouldn't

believe it. (*To BARON.*) Well, my lord, I will accompany you to the inn, but I shall take you by another road. By the way, did you ever hear of Shirley Castle?

BARON. (*Reflecting.*) Shirley Castle? Why—yes—it seems as though I have read of it. O yes! (*Remembering.*) It is there where the vast collection of relics and ancient armor is kept, is it not?

FELIX. Yes.

BARON. I have always had a longing to visit that armory.

FELIX. I belong there.

BARON. You?

FELIX. Yes.

BARON. In what capacity, may I ask?

FELIX. I'm the gardener; and if you are really so anxious to pay a visit to this historic place, I don't know but what I'd give myself the authority to show you through, seeing you're a stranger in these parts, and might never have the opportunity to visit the castle again. But before we go let me inquire of you your name.

BARON. My name is Wilanski. I am a Baron in Bohemia.

FELIX. (*Motioning L.*) All is well, my lord. Baron Wilanski, follow me. (*Exeunt BARON and FELIX, L.*)

Scene shifted, disclosing ROGER's studio.

SCENE THIRD. *Studio of ROGER BUCKINGHAM in Shirley Castle. The completed portrait of PSYCHE on an easel in the rear. Discovered, LADY SHIRLEY and ROGER in conversation.*

LADY S. (*Dignified.*) Perhaps you may be able to guess why I have sent for you to come hither.

ROG. No, I must confess that I am ignorant of your intention.

LADY S. Then I will tell you. It is that I may have the opportunity of once again reasoning with you; and if possible, to convince you of the debasing influence you are exerting upon our honored name by your persistent infatuation for that

girl you call "Psyche." Will nothing prove to you that you are wrong in having so kind a regard for one so far beneath you?

ROG. Not until the girl's own acts belie her fidelity.

LADY S. (*Becoming excited.*) Her fidelity? Do you dare talk of fidelity?

ROG. I am not ashamed of it if I do!

LADY S. Roger Buckingham, you do not mean to say that you love that girl?

ROG. I suppose you may as well know the truth first as last. Yes, with all my soul I love that girl!

LADY S. It is foolish for you to love that poor Bohemian girl; for never, *never*, NEVER will you be permitted to make her your wife!

ROG. (*Going to her in a rage.*) Who will hinder me?

LADY S. I will hinder you. You have drops of the Shirley blood in your veins, and rather than see one of our family wedded to a girl without distinction, without even womanhood (ROGER *becoming angry*), I would see him in the tomb! Roger Buckingham, as long as I live to tell it, you shall never become the husband of that lowly creature!

ROG. I would like to ask you what control you have over me. I am twenty-three!

LADY S. I care not for your age. Until you are old enough to reason for yourself, somebody will have to reason for you; and there is no one left save me to interest themselves in your welfare!

ROG. (*Wildly.*) I think there is one other.

LADY S. And now you show your weakness again. Roger, do you think I am jesting when I talk to you upon this subject?

ROG. No; but instead, I think you do us both an injustice by treating us as you do.

LADY S. Ha! ha! Then you think I ought to pet you and humor you as though you were children of royal parentage?

ROG. No. I only ask you to treat us as one human being should treat another.

LADY S. And I suppose you think these words of yours will melt my heart, and I will permit you to marry the girl.

ROG. (*Stepping forward, with a wave of the hand.*) Your permission is not necessary.

LADY S. Do you have the courage to tell me that you *will* marry this beggar against my wishes, against my commands?

ROG. I have the courage to tell you that in this transaction there are but two parties concerned—the girl and I!

LADY S. (*Retreating.*) Then, if you will be so thoughtless, go ahead. But see how soon the day will come when you will regret your obstinacy!

ENTER FELIX, L.

FELIX. Sir Roger, there's a stranger waiting in the corridor who would like to gain admittance to the studio.

ROG. A stranger, hey? Man or woman?

FELIX. Man.

ROG. Well, escort him hither.

Exit FELIX.

LADY S. (*Going R.*) I will retire to the drawing-room, as doubtless this gentleman wishes to interview you on topics pertaining to your profession. But once for all let me tell you, you shall not marry the Bohemian girl! (*Exit R.*)

ROG. (*After a long pause.*) Oh, cruel fate! That I should be obliged to live here. She thinks I'm in her power. Poor woman! She may be convinced otherwise sometime. (*Begins to arrange the furniture in the studio.*) But I wonder who it can be that seeks an entrance to these apartments. Perhaps some one in quest of a painting to adorn his walls. (*Voices outside.*) Ah, they come.

ENTER FELIX L., followed by BARON WILANSKI.

FELIX. (*Pointing to ROGER.*) That is the artist, my lord. (*Exit.*)

BARON. Good-evening, sir.

ROG. Good-evening.

BARON. To relieve you of the query why I should come to this castle, I will explain. I am a stranger in Northumberland, and having read of the ancient armor kept in these halls, I was anxious to behold it; and by chance I fell into the company of your old servant and gardener, who kindly consented to show me about this historic place. (*His gaze first rests upon the picture of PSYCHE.*)

ROG. You are at liberty to behold the relics, and also to view my works of art. (*Pointing to the portrait of PSYCHE.*)

BARON. (*Starting back, looks wild and bewildered.*) Did you paint that picture?

ROG. (*Surprised at BARON's actions.*) Yes.

BARON. (*Aside.*) How much as her mother used to look. O great God! Can it be possible that I'm on the right track at last? (*To ROGER.*) From what copy did you paint that portrait?

ROG. From the original itself.

BARON. (*Starts back.*) From the original?

ROG. Yes.

BARON. (*Aside.*) Then *he* has *seen* the original—seen her! Can it be? Oh, this must be a dream! Am I really in the presence of one who has painted her face upon canvas? (*Doubtfully.*) But then, it may not be she. (*To ROGER.*) Where did you paint that picture?

ROG. In this very room.

BARON. In this room?

ROG. Yes.

BARON. (*Aside.*) I almost fear it is not the one. (*Looks at the portrait.*) But then, those eyes! That brow! Those lips so like the ones now hushed in death. O can there be another with her features? (*Shakes his head doubtingly.*) There may be. How shall I ever know?

ROG. (*Going to BARON, laying his hand on BARON's shoulder.*) My friend, you seem interested in this picture. It is my masterpiece.

BARON. And the subject was—

ROG. (*Interrupting.*) A girl just as beautiful as she.
(*Pointing to the portrait.*)

BARON. Forgive me, sir, if I ask you where she is?

ROG. She is in this castle.

BARON. In *this* castle, do you say?

ROG. (*Becoming more alarmed at BARON's actions.*) Yes.

BARON. (*Entreatingly.*) Then may I be permitted to see her?

ROG. (*Aside.*) I cannot understand why this man, stranger as he is, should be so anxious to see PSYCHE. But I apprehend no evil in his seeing her. (*To BARON.*) Sit down and wait. I will call her. (*Starts to go R., when PSYCHE is heard singing to herself outside. Orchestra in soft strains.*) Hark! I hear her singing. (*Looks off R.*) She is coming.

ENTER PSYCHE *from R. quickly, and throws herself into ROGER's arms, before she discovers BARON.*

BARON. (*Low to himself, while PSYCHE is talking to ROGER.*) Oh, Jacqueline, my child! No, it cannot be she!

PSY. (*With arms around ROGER's neck.*) O Roger, dear! Have you been lonesome without me? (*BARON's previous exclamation causes her to notice him, when she springs back frightened.*)

ROG. This old gentleman, Psyche, has been admiring the masterpiece, and his interest in it for some reason, has developed into a desire to see the subject. I was about to call you when I heard you coming.

PSY. (*To BARON, bowing low.*) Indeed. (*To ROGER.*) Who is he?

ROG. I do not know. He is a stranger in England.

BARON. (*To himself.*) O how like the one that now lies cold and silent in Bohemia! The very face of her I once called wife. (*Placing his hand over his heart, looking toward heaven.*) O God! is this my child? Answer me while I yet live to tell her who I am.

PSY. (*To ROGER.*) Poor old man. I believe he has had grief in *his* life.

ROG. And by reason of your own I suppose you have sympathy for any that are afflicted, though they may be strangers?

PSY. (*Nodding.*) Yes, Roger dear, and he looks so sad and careworn that I cannot help but feel sorry for him.

(*BARON sits in easy chair R., crying.*)

ROG. But you know not whether he is deserving of your pity or not. Perhaps his own sins have bowed him down.

PSY. No; I cannot think thus of him. (*Discovers BARON's grief.*) See! he weeps! O Roger, may I not inquire if there is not something I can do for him?

ROG. You know, dearest, I would not prevent any act of kindness *you* could perform.

PSY. (*Going up to BARON, puts her hand upon his shoulder.*) Are you sick, sir?

BARON. (*Still looking down.*) Only sick of living—that's all.

PSY. You should not feel that way. Cheer up, do, and tell us why you mourn.

(*BARON looks up, his eyes meeting those of PSYCHE. He rises suddenly and putting his hand to his head, walks away.*)

BARON. (*Aside.*) O, it must be true! The very eyes, and just as bright as hers! (*Sees the locket about PSYCHE's neck.*) And—and—great God! The locket! O, my God! (*Becomes frantic.*) My God!

ROG. (*Quickly leading PSYCHE to extreme L.*) Come away, Psyche; the man is crazy.

ENTER ROMELDA *L.*, unobserved. *She hides behind a large screen in corner, L.*

BARON. (*Aside.*) What is that they call her? Psyche—Psyche? O then, 'tis not she! Her name was *not* Psyche. O I thought I had found her! (*Shaking his head.*) But no; her name was Jaqueline. It is not she. (*Looks again at PSYCHE.*) But the locket—so like the one she wore when she

was taken from us. This torture of mind is killing me. My soul fairly aches and *throbs* and BURNS with grief. (*Advances toward ROGER and PSYCHE.*) I cannot endure this any longer. O girl, I will trouble you to look at that locket about your neck!

PSY. (*To ROGER.*) Why does he ask this?

ROG. I am sure I cannot tell. If he is really insane it would be best to humor his request by letting him see the locket. (*PSYCHE takes the locket from her neck and gives it to BARON to examine.*)

BARON. (*Looking very carefully at the locket. Aside.*) They called me crazy; but if I am, reason enough remains to recognize this piece of jewelry. (*Examines the locket still closer. To ROGER and PSYCHE.*) Where is the rest of this?

PSY. I have always supposed it was complete as it is.

BARON. (*Having discovered the plate missing.*) But it is not so. There is a portion of it gone.

ROG. (*Looks at PSYCHE.*) How does he know? (*To BARON.*) Why sir, you must be possessed of supernatural knowledge to know so much about people and things you never saw before.

BARON. (*Confidently.*) I have seen that locket before. (*ROGER and PSYCHE exhibit surprise, and spring back speechless.*) And there is an important plate belonging to it missing. (*Aside.*) O God, tell me how I can break the news! (*A pause.*) Woman, would you call me crazy if I should—tell you (*voice falters*) who—I—am? (*Begins to cry.*)

ROG. Don't be afraid of him, Psyche. He shall not harm you.

BARON. (*Repeating softly to himself.*) Psyche! I wonder why he calls her that? (*Rises and goes suddenly to them.*) O friend, listen to me! I—am—

ENTER FELIX *in great haste, L.*

FELIX. (*Excited.*) Attention, Sir Roger, while I speak! A man lies dying at the lodge! He says he cannot quit this life

without seeing you and a girl called "Psyche." I have come in haste to summon you thither ; and now I must go for a priest to pardon his sins. (*Exit L.*)

ROG. (*To PSYCHE.*) We must make haste, Psyche, to the lodge. This is a strange mission we're about to set out upon ; but come, we'll away. (*Crossing to L. BARON keeps his eyes on ROGER and PSYCHE.*)

PSY. (*At the wing.*) O the locket, he has it ! (*Advancing to BARON, holding out her hand.*) Old man, will you return the locket ?

BARON. (*Giving her the locket.*) Yes ; I would not keep it, for the sight of it only makes me wretched. (*Grasps PSYCHE by the hand.*) O girl, look at me ! I am *not* crazy. I am burdened with grief. (*Aside.*) Oh, if I could only prove it to her !

PSY. (*Endeavoring to release herself.*) Sir, please let me go. (*To ROGER.*) Roger, see ; he will not let me go.

ROG. (*Coming down C.*) Release that girl, man. Such conduct is out of place. (*To PSYCHE, after BARON has let her go.*) Come, we'll away. (*BARON follows them to the wing where he stands wistfully gazing toward the direction in which they departed.*)

—BARON. Gone ? And she knows not who I am ? Oh, will I never see her again ? (*Resolved.*) Yes, I must, I must ! I will follow her. (*Exit L. After BARON exits, ROMELDA looks from behind the screen and then comes upon the stage, C.*)

ROM. (*Looking around her as if in fear of being watched.*) Are they all gone ? I wonder what is going to happen. There is a storm gathering, I fear. I must hasten to tell my mother what I have listened to, and we too will pursue them to the lodge. (*Exit R.*)

Scene closed in by street, the same as Scene Second.

SCENE FOURTH. *A village street.*

FELIX. (*Entering from L., talking to himself.*) O I wish I

was a married man! They say married men have more trouble than bachelors, which I can't believe. Well, I'm a widow—er, and catch all the trouble for both. Sometimes I don't know whether I'm myself or a man down in London. I wonder how the feller's a making it that's a dying at the lodge? Poor feller! That was a hard blow he got. Just to think that I should live to see a man murdered right on the manor. O, I wish I was a married man. Any man that don't get married in this world aint a man—he's a fool! Aint that right? (*Looks down the street.*) Jehu! There's a man a coming now that looks as though he might be after somebody! Oh! what shall I do? I didn't murder the old man—I only took him into the lodge. Oh, they'll kill me, I know they will! (*Looks again in the same direction.*) That feller's turned the corner. I'm safe for a little while, any how. But how can I ever prove that I didn't murder the old man? May be I can get the right side of the jury and they'll let me off for a couple of hundred pounds. If they should arrest me and try me I would rise up before the jury and say: (*Takes off his hat in the act of rehearsing what he would say.*) Gentlemen of the jury: I didn't kill that feller. I heard a big racket out by the gate—should think about 14½ minutes past ten on the third Wednesday in September. Went out to see what was going on, and found the old feller about dead. I picked him up. He was lying, I should think, about two rods, four feet, three inches and three-fourths from the northwest corner of the east gate post. I carried him into the lodge. He called for some people at the castle, and a priest to hold the torch till he got through purgatory. I done as he told me, and I'm not ashamed of it. Now have mercy on me, for I'm a poor old man without money, without friends and with only one shirt to my back. (*Puts on his hat and bows.*) I mistrust they'll let me go if they hear my speech. I'm great on a speech. I wonder they've not had me in parliament ere this. I'd speak a whole hour for my life. So if they should really catch me (*struck by a sudden thought*), but by

golly they don't catch me ! I'll flee. (*Going R.*) But the blue-eyed widder, poor thing ! What'll she say when the silent gloaming comes (*affected*), and there's no one by her side to call her his rosebud, his sunshine, his expectation. Aint that right ? (*Puts his hands in his pocket.*) I wonder if I've got a piece of paper in my pocket ? (*Finds a very small piece.*) Golly, there's a piece. Now I must write a few farewell lines to my darling. Aint that right ? Let me see if I've got a pencil. (*Finds a very small piece in one of his pockets.*) O yes. Now to say a few parting words of—of—of love. I guess that's what they call it. (*Puts the paper on his knee and begins to write. Writing.*) "I am going away." (*Spells the words out, and nearly every one wrong.*) "They think I murdered a man at the lodge. I didn't, but I'm going to leave. Meet me Tuesday night in Windom after the moon goes down. You will find me in an old barn on the left hand side of the road about a mile and a quarter north of the village. I'll be watching for you. Good-bye. In haste, your devoted

"FELIX."

Now I must fold this all up in the fashion. (*Folding.*) Now, I'll go around to the back of the house and whistle three times like this: (*Whistles three times.*) She knows what that means. Then I'll throw the note on the back stairs and I'll away. (*Going R.*) Good-bye, fair maiden ; good-bye, Shirley manor ; good-bye, Northumberland ! (*Exit FELIX, in haste.*)

Scene shifts, disclosing a room at the lodge.

SCENE FIFTH. *A room at the lodge.* OLD IVAN, the violinist, discovered dying on a cot in C. L. A PRIEST by him.

IVAN. (*Turning feebly on his cot.*) Wont they come pretty soon ? (*Gasps.*)

ENTER ROGER and PSYCHE at door in flat.

PRIEST. They are here.

ROG. (*To PSYCHE, who has staid in the rear.*) Come with me, Psyche, dear. There is nothing here to harm you. (*Takes her by the hand and leads her to IVAN'S cot.*)

PSY. (*Recognizing IVAN.*) O Roger! It is Ivan. Don't you know—the old violinist?

ROG. Can it be true that it is the same?

PSY. (*Pointing to IVAN, who has turned his face toward them.*) Yes, see! He recognizes us!

IVAN. (*Very feebly.*) O you have come at last! I thought maybe you wouldn't get the message till it was too late (*gasps*), and I could not bear the thought of dying without seeing you. Don't you know who I am? (*ROGER bows his head.*)

PSY. Yes; you are Ivan—the one who made me dance on the streets of London.

IVAN. (*Growing weaker.*) Yes, and it is of this I wish to speak to you. Draw nearer for my voice is weak, and I've something to tell you before I die. (*ROGER and PSYCHE advance nearer to IVAN's bedside.*) Hand me a drink of water. My throat seems so parched I can hardly speak. (*ROGER goes to a small table R., upon which is a pitcher and water. Gives IVAN a glass of water.*)

ENTER LADY SHIRLEY and ROMELDA, R.

ROG. (*Aside.*) My aunt and cousin. (*To LADY S.*) What prompted you to follow us to the lodge, I would like to know?

LADY S. (*Importantly.*) That is our business.

ROG. If you have no regard for the feelings of your kin, have mercy on him who lies dying on that cot. (*Pointing.*) He has something to tell us—Psyche and me. Please retire, that he may tell us before his power of speech is forever gone.

LADY S. (*Persistently.*) No; we will remain! (*IVAN gasps short. Puts his hand out to PSYCHE.*)

PSY. (*To ROGER.*) Come quick, Roger! He is breathing very fast. I fear he is dying; and—and see, he tries to speak.

IVAN. (*Faintly.*) Water. (*ROGER gives him water as before.*)

IVAN. Listen now. (*BARON WILANSKI appears in the partly open door in flat, unobserved.*) I've but a little while to stay.

(*Speaks as if in great agony.*) Child, I have deceived you. I'm not your father. I stole you when you were a small girl from your home in Bohemia. I have treated you with cruelty. Forgive me, now that I'm dying. I've kept this crime a secret all these years, but a few months ago, thinking the danger of being caught was over, I made another a confidant of it all. He became my enemy and swore he would reveal the truth. I met him here to-day and was going to put him out of the way, but in the struggle he gave me a blow here (*putting his hand on his breast*), and it has killed me. I knew he would tell the story of my crime if he was ever caught, and I could not bear to die with a conscience so burdened with sin. (*Faintly.*) Water! (ROGER *gives water as before.*) O wont you forgive me, child? (ROGER and PSYCHE *both crying.*)

PSY. Yes.

IVAN. I shall not be here long, and death don't seem so terrible to me now that I've freed my mind from this horrid sense of guilt. (*A long pause. ROGER and PSYCHE turn to go.*) Don't leave me. There's something else I must tell. (*Gasps. ROGER and PSYCHE return.*) Do you remember the locket?

PSY. (*Pointing to the locket about her neck.*) Yes. I have it on.

IVAN. (*Feebly.*) Well, it's not all there. (ROGER and PSYCHE *look at each other surprised.*)

ROG. (*To PSYCHE.*) That is what the old man said at the castle.

IVAN. I removed the principal part of it for fear they would find you. I have it here (*putting his hand down on his breast, takes out the plate*); but you must have it now, for it is yours. (*Gasps.*) Oh! I'm going, child! (*Eyes stare wildly.*) Forgive me, forgive me! I shall soon be over the river. Ah, yes! I hear the waters surging on the beach. They seem to be closing in around me, and I shall soon be drifted out into eternity! (*Gasps.*) O child! take this plate. It will tell you—who—

your—parents—are. (*Gasps, eyes close. The PRIEST bends over the form of IVAN and covers him up with a sheet. PSYCHE takes the plate.*)

PRIEST. Life is past.

PSY. (*Holding the plate in her hand.*) Dead! dead! Those last words—what do they mean to me? Who my parents are? O God! Am I in a trance? Is this truth that the dying man has said? O Roger! (*Giving him the plate.*) Read, read. My eyes smart so with tears I cannot see.

(*Orchestra. BARON WILANSKI rushes in from door in flat where he has overheard the scene.*)

BARON. (*Putting out his hand.*) Hold one moment before you read! Look closely at the reading on that plate, and I will tell you word for word the entire inscription! (*ROGER and PSYCHE greatly surprised. PSYCHE looks over ROGER's shoulder and listens.*)

BARON. The reading on that plate is this: "Jaqueline, daughter of Baron and Baroness Wilanski, born June 22, 1758, at Wilanski Barony, in Bohemia." (*PSYCHE and ROGER spring forward.*)

PSY. (*Excited.*) O sir! How do you know so much about this locket?

BARON. (*Beginning to cry.*) How do I know? Child, it was these hands that first placed that locket about your neck. I am Baron Wilanski! I am—your father!

PSY. (*More excited.*) O God! Am I wild? No, no! It is true! It is true! (*Rushing into BARON's arms, falls on his breast.*) O my father, my father!

BARON. (*Weeping.*) O Jaqueline, my child! I have found you.

PSY. Then you have been searching for me?

BARON. Year after year have I searched, but in vain; and I had given you up for dead.

PSY. Then my dream *was* true—the large house on the hill—

BARON. That was your home—the Barony.

PSY. The river—

BARON. That is there just the same.

PSY. The mound beneath the large tree—

BARON. (*His voice falters.*) Alas, Jaqueline, that is your dear mother's grave!

PSY. My mother dead?

BARON. Yes; it broke her heart when you were taken from us, and month by month we watched her fade away till at last she died. And she now lies sleeping, as she desired, beneath the spreading boughs of a huge tree in the garden.

PSY. And the old gentleman whom I seemed to feel was absent, was—

BARON. Was I, my child; and I thank the God of Heaven that I have lived to behold your face and tell you who I am. Jaqueline, you are heir to a vast fortune in Bohemia. You were our only child, and there's no one to inherit our valuable estate save you. I will take you back to Bohemia, and there you may enjoy the scenes of your infancy, with all about you that can render your life peaceful and happy.

PSY. O father! they told me there would be some sunlight for me, and now to reward me for all the sorrow, all the wretchedness I have endured, it has come. Father, this happy hour would never have been, had it not been for Roger. (*Pointing to ROGER.*) To him I owe my life. One cold, stormy night in London, I would have died in my own blood, shed by the hands of him who now himself lies dead upon that cot (*pointing*); but Roger, good, noble Roger, snatched the uplifted knife from his hand and saved my life. And not only this; he parted with his last shilling and ransomed me, that I might not be made to suffer the pangs of woe and the misery of a beggar, but that I might live at Shirley manor and enjoy the same luxury as he.

BARON. (*Going to ROGER, takes him by the hand.*) O sir, name what you will as a recompense for this heroic and manly

deed, and it shall be granted you. Although the child is mine by reason of her birth, she is yours first by reason of this noble act.

ROG. (*Going to PSYCHE.*) O the barrier is removed. Come here, Psyche.

BARON. Why do you call her thus? Her name is Jaqueline.

ROG. Jaqueline? Then those initials *had* a meaning, and now we know what it is. "J. W."—"Jaqueline Wilanski." (*To PSYCHE.*) O Jaqueline! Is it true we are not to be separated, as I feared we would, when he talked of taking you back to Bohemia?

PSY. No, Roger dear, you will go too. Father and you and I, will go home together—home to Bohemia! O Roger! wont it be grand—grand?

(LADY SHIRLEY and ROMELDA, *who have been silently engaged in watching the scene from R., advance.*)

LADY S. (*To PSYCHE.*) Then you are an heiress. (*Bows to her.*) Oh, forgive me for all the insults and injuries I have done you. I little thought you were the daughter of a Baron.

ROM. And pardon *me* for all the scorn I have shown you. It was only because I thought you were a beggar, and below me.

PSY. (*Stepping before them proudly.*) And now that I am an heiress and above you both, you seek to court my favor. I will not treat you as you have treated me. I was poor and friendless, and you flung me away from you as though I were a poisonous serpent. Now I am rich; but I would not act thus with you. If the day ever comes when you need help, come to me, *I* will help you.

LADY S. (*Pleadingly to ROGER.*) O Roger! Will you not remain with us? You and Jaqueline and her father?

ROM. Yes, cousin Roger, do stay.

ROG. (*Enraged.*) O you will only drive me mad with your entreaties. I shall *not* stay. I shall accompany the Baron Wilanski and his daughter to their home in Bohemia. Your aim to

keep me from making this girl my wife, has been foiled. (*To PSYCHE.*) You are mine at last.

PSY. (*Laying her hand upon ROGER's shoulder.*) O Roger, how blue the sky looks, now that the clouds are broken.

ROG. I know you are happy, dearest. The thought of your beautiful home in Bohemia can only make you thus. Now, Jaqueline, will you sing the "Rakes of Mallow" at our wedding breakfast?

PSY. Yes, Roger dear; though the music may bring back to my mind thoughts of the wretchedness in which I once sang it upon the streets of London, the joy of that occasion, I *know*, will be enough to overpower all such sorrow, and I shall feel like singing it all the day long; for had you never heard me sing it on that cold, stormy night in London, we never would have enjoyed this day together. O Roger! I have been in duty bound to you, long before this burning love welded our hopes, our joys, our lives together! (*Sings.*)

BARON. Now, my children, we'll back to Bohemia. (*Starts toward door, C.*)

ROG. (*With his left arm around PSYCHE's waist, his right extended toward heaven.*) Thank God that I have lived to hear those words—that I have lived to see two kindred hearts cease aching for each other—that I have lived to claim the subject of my masterpiece. (*Slow curtain.*)

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